

THE
GOLDEN
Garland of Princely plea-
sures and delicate Delights.

Wherein is contained the
Histories of many of the Kings,
Queenes, Princes, Lords,
Ladies, Knights, and Gentle-
women of this Kingdom.

Being most pleasant Songs and Son-
nets to sundry new Tunes now most in vse.
The third time Imprinted, enlarged and
corrected by Rich: Johnson.
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GEORGINA
CANTERBURY
THEATRICAL
SOCIETY
1771



GRANADA

A Lamentable Song of the death of King LEARE and his three DAUGHTERS.

To the tune of When flying Fame.

King Lear once ruled in this Land,
With princely power and peace
And had all things with hearts content,
That might his joyes encrease.

Amongst those giifts that nature gaue,
Three daughters faire had he,
So princely seeming beautifull,
As fayrer could not be.

So on a time it pleased the King,
A question thus to moue
Which of his daughters to his grace,
Could shew the dearest loue :
For to my age you bring content,
(quoth he) then let me heare,
Which of you three in plighted troth,
The kindest will appeare.

To whom the eldest thus began,

The Golden Garland

deare father mine (quoth she)
Before your face to doe you good,
my blood shall tendred be.
And for your sake my bleeding heart,
Shall heere be cut in twaine,
T're that I see your reverent age,
the smalles griefe sustaine.

And so will I the second said,
deare father, for your sake,
The woorst of all extremities,
Ile gently undertake.
And serue your highnesse night and day,
With diligence and loue:
That sweet content and quietnesse,
discomforts may remoue.

In doing so you glad my soule,
the aged King replyed.
But what sayst thou my yongest Gircle,
How is thy loue allyed.
My loue quoth yong Cordela then,
which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the dutie of a childe,
and that is allile shew.

And wilst thou shew no more (quoth he)
then doth thy dutie binde:

of Princely Delights.

I well perceiue thy loue is small,
when as no more I finde.
Hence forth I banish thee my Court,
thou art no child of mine,
Nor any part of this my Realme,
by fauour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters loues are more,
then well I can deinand :
To whome I equally bestow,
my kyngdome and my land.
My pompal state and all my goods,
that louingly I may
With these thy sisters be maintained,
vntill my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches wonrenowne,
by these two sisters here :
The third had canselesse banishment,
yet was her loue more deare :
For pore Cordela patiently
went wandring vp and downe,
Unhelpt, unpitied, gentle maid.
through many an English towne.

Untill at last in famous France,
the gentler fortunes found,
Though pore and bare, yet was she deeme'd,

The Golden Garland.

the fairest on the ground :
Where when the King her vertues heard,
and his faire Lady sawe,
With full consent of all his Court,
he made his wife and Queene.

Her father, old King Lear, this while,
with his two daughters stayed :
Forgetfull of their promised loves,
full swone the same denaide.

And living in Queene Ragans Court,
the elder of the twaine,
She tooke from him his chiefeſt meanes,
and most of all his traine.

For whereas twenty men were wont,
to waite with bended knee :
She gaue allowance but to ten,
and after scarce to thre.
Pay, one she thought too much for him,
so tooke she all away :
In hope that in her Court, god King,
he wold no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
in giuing all I haue
Unto my children, and to beg,
for what I lately gave.

of Princely Delights.

He gae vnto my Gonorell,
my second child I know,
Will be more kinde and pittifull,
and will relieue my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her Court,
where when she heard his moane,
Returnd him answer, that she grieude,
that all his meanes were gone.
But no way could relieue his wants,
yet if that he would stay.
Within her Ritchin, he shold hane,
what Scullions gaue awa.

When he had heard with bitter teares,
he made his answer then,
In what I did let me be made
example to all men.
I will returne againe, quoth he
vnto my Ragans Court,
She will not vse me thus I hope,
but in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, shee gaue command,
to drine him thence awa:
When he was well within her Court,
(she said) he could not stay.
Then backe againe to Gonorell,

The Golden Garland

The wofull King did hie :
That in her kitching he might haue
what Scullion boyes set by.

But there of that he was denied,
which she had premis'd late :
For one refusing he should not,
come after to her gate.

Thus twixt his daughter's for reliese,
he wandred vp and downe,
Being glad to feed on beggers food,
that lately wore a Cowlne.

And calling to remembrance then,
his yongest daughter's wounds,
That said, the duty of a childe,
had all that loue affords.

But doubting to repaire to her,
whom he had banisht so :
Grew frantick mad, for in his minde,
he bore the wounds of woe.

Which made him rend his milk white locks
and tresses from his head :
And all with blood besainte his cheekes,
with age and honur spred :
To hills, and woods, and watry founts,
he made his hourelly moane ;

of Princely delights.

Till hills and woods, and senckelesse things,
did seeme to sigh and groane.

Euen thus posset with discontents,
he passed ore to France,
In hope from faire Cordela there,
to finde some gentler chance.

Most vertuous dame, where whē she heard
of this her fathers griefe :
As duty bound, she quickly sent
him comfort and reliefe.

And by a traïne of noble Peeres,
in brane and gallant sort,
She gaue in charge he shold be brought
to Aganippus Court.

Her royll King, whose noble minde,
so freely gaue consent,
To muster vp his knyghts at armes
to fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
to reposesse King Leare :
And drue his daughters from their thrones
by his Cordela deare.
Where she true i enacted noble Queene,
was in the battell slaine :
Yet he good King in his old dares

The Golden Garland
posset his cropane againe.

But when he heard Cordela dead,
who dyed indeed for loue
Of her deare father, in whose cause
she did this battell mooue
Wounding fell vpon her brest,
from whence he never parted,
But on her bosome left his life,
that was so truely hearted.

The Lords and Nobles when they saw
the end of these events :
The other Sisters unto death,
they donneyn by consents
And being dead, their crownes were left
vnto the next of kin.
Thus haue you heard the fall of pride
and disobedient sinne.

FINIS.

A new Song of the wooing of Queen Katherine, by a
gallant yong Gentleman of Wales named Owen Thre-
tor : lately translated out of Welsh into our English
phrase.

To the tune of Light in leue LADY.

Owen

of Princeely delights.

Owen Tudor.

I salute thee, sweet Princesse, with titles of grace,
For Cupid commands me in heart to embrace
Thy honours, thy vertues, thy favour, and beauty,
With all my true seruice, my loue and my duty.

Queene Katherine.

Courteous kind gentleman, let me request,
How comes it that Cupid hath wounded thy brest,
And chained thy hearts liking, my seruant to prison,
That am but a stranger in this thy kind loue.

Owen Tudor.

If but a stranger, yet loue hath such power,
To lead me heere kindly vnto a Queenes bower,
Then doe not (sweet Princesse) my good will forsake
When nature commands thee a true loue to take.

Queene Katherine.

No royall of calling, and birth I am knotone.
That matching vnequall, my state is oze-thzolone,
My titles of dignitie thereby I loose,
To wed me and bed me, my equall Ie choose.

Owen Tudor.

As honours are lost, Queene, in chassing of me,
For I am a gentleman borne by degrate,
And fauours of Princes my state may advance,
In making me noble by fortunate chance.

Queene Katherine.

My robes of rich honour's most braue to behold,
Are all oze imbossed with siluer and gold,

For

The Golden Garland

Not therewith adorned I loose my renowme,
With all the hauie titles that waits on a Crowne.

Owen Tudor.

My Countrey sweet Princesse more pleasure affords
Then can be expressed heere by me in words:
Such kindly contentments by nature there springs
That hath beene well liked of Queenes & of Kings.

Queene Katherine.

My courtly attendants, are traines of delight,
Like stars of faire heauen all shining most bright:
And those that live daily such pleasures to see,
Suppose no such comforts in countrey can be.

Owen Tudor.

In wales we haue fountains no cristal more cleare
Where murmuring musick we daily may heare:
With gardens of pleasure, and flowers so sweet,
Where true loue with true loue may merrily meet.

Queene Katherine.

But there is no tilting nor tournaments bold,
Which gallant yong Ladies desire to behold:
No maskes nor no revels where faours are worne
By Knights or by Barons without any scorne.

Owen Tudor.

Our May-poles at Whitsontide maketh good sport,
And moues as sweet pleasure as yours doe in court:
Where on the green dancing for garland and ring,
Maidens make pastime and sports for a King.

Queene Katherine.

150

of Princely delights.

But when your braue yong men & maidens do meet,
Your musick is clownish and soundeth not sweet,
Whiles siluer-like melody murimuring keepes
And rocks vp our senses in heauenly sleepes.

Owen Tudor.

Our Harps & our Tabors & sweet humming drones,
For thee my sweete Princesse make musicall moans:
Our Morris Maid Marrians desire for to see
A True loue-knot tyed betwixt thec and me.

Queene Katherine.

No pleasures in Countrey by me can be seene
That haue beene maintained so long heere a Ducene,
And fed on the blessings that dayly were giuen
Into my braue Pallace by Angels from heauen.

Owen Tudor.

Our greene leaued trees will dance with the winde,
Where birds sit reioycing according to kinde,
Our sheepe with their Lambes wil skip it ful round,
To see thee come tripping along on the ground.

Queene Katherine.

What if a kinde Princesse should so be content,
By meeknesse thus mooued to giue her consent:
And humble her honours, imbrace her degree,
To tye her best fortunes braue Tudor to thee.

Owen Tudor.

If to a Kingdome I borne were by birth,
And had at commandment all nations on earth,
Their crownes & their scepters should lie at thy feet

End

The Golden Garland

And thou be made Empresse, my darling so sweet.

Queene Katherine.

I feare yet to fancy thy loue tempting tongue,
For Cupid is cunning, his bow very strong,
Queen Venus once misse is of heart wishing pleasure
Will other kind women repente at leasure.

Owen Tudor.

(Beames,

May never faire morning shew forth his bright
But couer my falsehood with darkest erreames.
If not as the Turtle I live with my Doue,
My gentle kind Princesse, my Lady, my Loue.

Queene Katherine.

Wye then into Wales and our weddung proude,
For thou art my Bridegroome, & Ile be thy Bride,
Get gloues and fne ribbons with bridelaces faire,
Of silke and of siluer for Ladies to weare.

Owen Tudor.

With garlands of roses, our hys wifely wines,
To have thee adozned all louingly thrives,
Their bride-cakes be ready, our bag-pipes do play,
Whilst I stand attending to lead thee the way.

Both together.

Then marke how the notes of our merry towne bels
Our dingdong of pleasure inost cherrefully tels :
Then dingdong faire Ladies and louers all true,
This dingdong of pleasure may satisfie you.

FINIS.

of Princeely delights.

A Princeely song of King Richard Cordelion King of England, of his bold courage, and lamentable death.

To the tune of, You Batcheler that braue it.

O f a noble Christian warrior,
King Richard of this Land,
For fame amongst our worthies braue,
now orderly may stand:
The God of battels gaue him still the baskefull gresse
a gallant great command,
To fight for our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Richard Cordelion in this Land,
a noble English name,
That fils the world with wonders great,
with honour and with fame,
Then gallantly good Soldiers all,
come thunder out the same,
That fights for our Saviour Jesus Christ.

When as faire Iherusalem,
the City of our Lord,
Lay mourning all in heauinesse,
consumed by the sword.
To succour her, all Christendome
did willingly accord,
And to fight for our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Then

The Golden Garland

And thou be made Empresse, my darling so sweet,
Queene Katherine.

I feare yet to fancy thy loue tempting songue,
For Cupid is running his bow very strong,
Queen Venus once missis of heart wishing pleasure
With ouer kind women ceuent vs at leasure.

Owen Tudor.

(beames,

May never faire morning shew forth his bright
But couer my falsehood with darkeste streames.
If not as the Turtle I liue with my Doue,
My gentle kind Princesse, my Lady, my Loue.

Queene Katherine.

Wye then into Wales and our wedding pride,
For thou art my Bridegrome, & Ile be thy Bride,
Get gloves and five ribbons with bridelaces faire,
Of silke and of siluer for Ladies to weare.

Owen Tudor.

With garlands of roses, our hus wifely wynes,
To bane thee adorned all loningly strynes,
Their bride-cakes be ready, our bag-pipes do play,
Whilist I stand attending to lead thee the way.

Both together.

Then marke how the notes of our merry towne bels
Our dingdong of pleasure most cheeresfully tels :
Then dingdong faire Ladies and louers all true,
This dingdong of pleasure may satissie you.

FINIS.

of Princeely delights.

A Princeely song of King Richard Cordelion King of England, of his bold courage, and lamentable death.

To the tune of, You Batcheler that brasse it.

O f a noble Christian Warrior,
King Richard of this Land,
For faine amongst our worthies braue,
now orderly may stand:
The God of battels gave him still the bresill grace
a gallant great comenant,
To fight for our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Richard Cordelion in this Land,
a noble English name,
That fils the world with wonders great,
with honour and with faine,
Then gallantly good Soulouers all,
come thunder out the same,
That fights for our Saviour Jesus Christ
when as faire Iherusalem,
the City of our Lord,
Lay mourning all in heuinesse,
consumed by the sword.
To succour her, all Christendome
did willingly accord,
And to fight for our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Then

The Golden Garland.

Then marched forth most braue and bold,
King Richard from this land :
Of noble Knights and Gentlemen,
With him a warlike band :
To fight for Jesus Christ his name,
So long as they could stand,
All souldiers of our Sauour Jesus Christ.

But by the way such chances then,
King Richard did betide :
That many of his soldiers,
For want of victuall dyed :
A new supply this noble King,
Was forced to provide.
To fight for our Sauour Jesus Christ.

The mighty Duke of Austria,
To whome he came for ayd,
For all his kingly curtesies,
His succors were denayd.
But tooke him prisoner cowardly,
Where ransome must be paid,
And not fight for our Sauour Jesus Christ.

His noble Knights and Soldiers then,
With sorrow went away :
Wofully complaining all,
That ere they saw that day:

Th

of Princely delights.

That such a Noble King as he, do thyngyngh
a prisoner there should stay, i auoyd thyngyngh
And not fight for our Sauour Jesus Christ.

While they were here propyding

a ransome for his Grace,

The Dukes swone Sonne vicerently,

King Richard did abase:

For which with one small boke of care,

he kild him in that place,

In honour of our Sauour Jesus Christ.

With that into a Dungeon deepe,

this noble King was cast;

While as a Lyon (all in rage)

prouided was in haste,

To combate with this famous King,

so long as life did last,

The souldier of our Sauour Jesus Christ.

But gentle pitty moued much,

the Daughter of the Duke:

Whom deeply wounded was with lone,

proceeding from his loke,

For which to saue his Princely life,

She kindly undertooke:

In honour of our Sauour Jesus Christ.

The Golden Garland

A rich imbrodered scarfe of silke,
she secretly conuaid,
Into the Dungeon where the King,
his execution staid :

The which to saue his gentle life,
an instrument was made.

In honor of our Sauour Jesus Christ,

For when the hunger starued beast,
into the Dungeon came :

With open mouth to swallow him,
he nimbly tooke the same :

And stoutly thrust it downe his throat,
the Lyon thus to tame.

In honor of our Sauour Jesus Christ.

And so with valiant courage, he
puld out the Lions heart :

Which made the Duke and all his Lords,
in fearefull manner start :

To see this royll English King,
to play so braue a part :

In honor of our Sauour Jesus Christ.

I am no prisoner said the King,
for I am now set free :

The country and our law of Armes,
commmandes it so to be.

And

of Princeley delights.

And thus to Englands blessed Land,

most joyfully went he.

In honor of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

But left hi
tress loue behynd,

that ger
ud his life,

With p
to returne againe;

so ma
then his wife;

But fel
age and bloudy warre.

did breed them further scathe.

In fighting for our Saviour Jesus Christ.

The noble hearts of Englishmen,

that could indure no wrong:

For good King Richard mustred then;

a valiant Army strong;

To passe the seas to Albn' Wallis,

to lay the same along,

In honor of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

So first consuming fire and sword,

into that countrey came,

Destroying all their Cities brane

and townes of ancient fame:

Till those the wrongs King Richard had,

were righted by the same.

In honour of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

The Golden Garland

But in his prime of Martiall boorth,
this noble King was slaine,
For wounded with a poysoned shaft,
that pierst his princely braine;
Much sorrowing mone was long tir
amongst his warlike traine.
Til fighting for our Saviour Jesu

But chiefly by his Lady faire
so loyall and so kinde:
That nothing but reuenge thereof
possessed still her minde:
To know the causer of his death,
Were rich rewards assyngd.
Thus to honour our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Upon the murtherer being found
much cruelty was showne:
By her command his skinne alive,
was stread from flesh and bone:
And after vnto a very fowles
his body it was throwne:
In honour of our Saviour Jesus Christ,

Yet ended not this Ladies griefe,
for him she loude so deare:
Deepe sorrowes even broke her heart,
as plainly did appeare:

And

of Princely Delights.

And both were buried in one grāue,
thus true lōves end you heare.

That dyed for our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Did ever Lady for her lōne,
more strangely vnder take :

Did ever Daughter in this kind
a grieved fathēr make :

Did ever Princesse end her life,
thus for her true lōves sake,

And for our Saviour Jesus Christ.

F I N I S.

A gallant Song of the Garter of England and
how it was made first an honour to this
Kingdome by King Edward the third.

To the tune of, When Arthur first, &c.

When as thrid Edward ruld this Land:
And was our English king :
He had good speed in all his fight
braue conquest home to bring :
Two kingly Crownes vpon his sword,
In sumptuous sort was borne :
Most gallantly to grace the third,
that on his head was borne.

The Golden Garland.

Thus three in one made Englands fame,
through all the world to shine :
which well might claime a titled grace,
amongst our worthies nine :

Heauen princely Sonnes he likewise had,
whose vertues wonne him prapse,
From one fayre Queene descended all,
in beauties blooming dayes,

His Earles and Warons brauely bent,
to practise knightly deedes :
To breaue the Launce to runne at King,
to backe their barbed streddes :

Which made the world thinke, Mars his
was kept in England here (Court
When Englands Peeres made foraine
to quake with trembling feare. (lands

King Edwards raigne rung echoing thus,
through every Christian Court,
Of whom the noblest Prince that lived
gave sounds of braue report.

Night valiant King, himselfe likewise,
his Country to aduance ;
With many of his Peeres arius,
within the Court of France.

And there by Tilts and Tournies braue,
such

of Princely delights.

such honours did obtaine,
As Mars himselfe in glistering Steele,
the prize from them would gaine :
So braue and bold his Barons were,
and so successfull then,
That none of all the Lords of France,
were like our English men.

Thus many moneths he with his Peeres
spent there with braue delights,
Whose dayly spottes concluded were
by reveling at nights :
Where Measure and Carantoes fine,
so gract the Court of France :
As if Queene Iuno with her Ioue,
had brauely led the daunce.

Amongst which gloriosus trope of Dames,
that richly sate to see,
The French Queene there aboue the rest
the fairest seemed to be,
Whom English Edward by the hand,
in curteous manner tooke,
To dance withall, at which the French,
gave many a scornefull looke.

But Edward still like Mars himselfe,
with countenance and grace,

The Golden Garland.

By Courtship won great Ising there,
From all within that place.

King Edward please d the Princely Queene
The Queene king Edward well,
But as they daun t, there from her leg,
By chance her garter fell.

The which king Edward soone tooke vp,
And it in kindnesse wore,
For honour and for curtesies
He to her vertues boare.

But some there present gaue forth words,
The Queene of purpose lost
Her garter there for him to find
Whom she affected most.

But when she heard these ill conceits
And speches that they made,
Hony soyt qui mal y pens,
The noble Princes said.
Ill hap to them that euill thinke,
In English it is thus
Which words so wise (quoth Englands
Shall surely goe with vs,

(King)

And for her sake shall Englands Peeres,
In honour of our land,
A Garter weare, and in the same,

thys

of Princely delights. ¶

these words in gold shall stand.
That all the world may nobly speake,
Our garter came from France,
In Princely manner named thus,
our Countrey to advance.

The Tilts and Reuels thus had end,
That long had lasted there:
And home our King and Nobles came
with mirth and meiry cheere:
Where soone he brauely did create,
Full many a Lordly Knight,
To weare this golden Garter faire,
So sumptuous and so bright.

And named them S. Georges knights,
And of this Garter braue:
As noble an Order of estate,
as any King can haue,
Which Knights upon S. Georges day,
Still their procession goes,
Through Englands Court in robes of gold
and most delightfull shooes.

At windsor is this Order kept,
where kings be of the same,
And forraigne Princes much desire,
the honours of that name.

VV
Third

The Golden Garland

Third Edward first began this grace,
of knight hood to his praise :
which still is kept with high renowme,
in our King Iames his dayes.

Ten English Kings haue been thereof,
of Princes and of Peeres
A number great, whose honoris hie'd,
most braue in ancient yeares :
And at this day of Dukes and Lords,
our land hath honoured store :
Whose names and fames the Lord increase
and make them more and mo re.

FINIS.

A lamentable Ditty on the death of the Lord Guilford Dudley, and the Lady Jane Gray, that for their parents ambition, in seeking to make these two yong Princes King and Queene of England, were both beheaded in the Tower of London.

To the tune of Peter and Parnell.

VVVhen as King Edward left this life
In yong and tender blooming yeares,
Began such deadly hate and strife,
That filled England full of feares :
Ambition in those ancient dayes.

9070

of Princely Delights.

More then ten thousand, thousand, thousand
thousand troubles did arise.

Northumberland being made a Duke,
Inbitiously doth seeke the crowne,
And Suffolke for the same did looke,
To put Queene Maries title downe.

That was King Henryes daughter bright,
And Queen of England, England, England
and King Edwards heire by right.

Lord Guilford and the Lady Lane,
Were wedded by their parents wils
To be right from Mary so was tane,
Which dze w them on to further ils :
But marke the end of this misdeed,
Mary was crowned, crowned, crowned,
and they to death decreed,

And being thus adiudged to die
For these their parents haughty aynes,
Thar thinking thus to mount on high,
Their children King & Queene proclaines,
But in such ayres no blessings be,
Then as ten thousand, thousand, thousand,
their shamefull endings see.

Sweet Princes they deserued no blame,

That

The Golden Garland

That thus must die for fathers cause;
And bearing of so great a name
To contradict our English lawes,
Let all men then conclude in this
That they are haples haples,haples,
Whose parents doe amisse.

Now who more great then they of late
Now who more wretched then they are:
And who more losty in estate,
Thus sodenly consumed with care :
Then Princes all set downe this rest,
And say the golden golden golden,
golden meane is alwayes best.

Prepared at last drew on the day
Whereon these Princes both must die
Lord Guilford Dudley by the way
His dearest Lady did espye
whilst he unto the blocke did gee
She in her window, weeping, weeping,
did lament his woe.

Their eyes that lookt for loue ere while,
Now blubberd were with pearled teares,
And every glance and loners smile
where turnd to dole and deadly feares ;
Lord Guilfords life did bleeding lie.

of Princely delights

Seruent Angels, Angels, Angels.

Almer wings to mount on hie. ab lo godillioi A
his dearest Lady long did looke, & firsates vnd
when she likewise to blocke should gee, on bileni
where sweetly praying on her booke,
She made no signe of outward woe: vnd
But wist that she had Angels wings,
To see that golden, golden, golden,
sight of heauenly things.

And mounting on the Scaffold then, shoul saw adie
where Guilfords linelesse body lay: vnd
I come (quoth she) thou flower of men. vnd vnuia
For death shall not my soule dismay:
The gates of heauen stand open wide, vnd
To rest for euer, and euer, and euer, vnd
and thus these gentle Princes dyed.

Their parents likewise lost their heads,
For climing thus one step too high:
Ambitious towers haue slippery leades,
And fearefull to a wise mans eye.
For once amisse great houses fall,
Therefore take warning, warning, warning
by this you gallants all.

FINIS.

The Golden Garland.

A ioyfull song of the deserued praises of good Queene Elizabeth, how Princeely she behaued her selfe at Tilbury Campe in 88. when the Spaniards threatened the inuasion of this Kingdome.

To the tune of, King Henries going to Bullainem

Of a Noble, Poble Princesse,
Englands late commanding Mistris,
King Henries daughter, faire Elizabeth,
She was such a maiden Queene,
As her like was never seene,
of any woman-kind vpon the earth.

Her name in golden numbers,
May written be with wonder's
that liude beloued fourre and forsy yeares
And had the guift of nature all
That to a Princesse might befall,
as by her noble vertues well appeares.

With Maiestie admired,
Her subiects she required,
that loue for loue might equally be shewn
Preserving a publique peace,
When any private mans increase,
that quietly we stil may keepe our owne.

W^then

of Princeley delights.

When Ambassies did come
From any Prince in Christendome,
her entertainments were so Princeley sweet
She likewise knew what did belong
To every language speech and tongue,
where grace & vertue did together meet.

No Princeesse more could measure,
Her well besemming pleasure.
in open Court amongst her Ladies faire
For musicke and for portly gate
The world afforded not her mate,
so excellent her carriage was and faire.

Lingly states oppressed,
And such as were distressed,
with meanes and mony daily shee relieved
As law of Nations did her bind,
To strangers she wae ever kind,
and such as with calamities were grieved

And when into this kingdome,
Bloody warres did threatening come,
her highnes would be ready with god will
As it in eighty eight was seene,
When as this thrice renowned Queene
gave noble courage to her soldiers still.

This

The Golden Gartland 10

This more then worthy woman, as I adme R nation
Like to a noble Amazon i
in siluer plated Armour brauely went adoyns and
Unto her Campe at Tilbury, w
With many Knights of Chivalry, young and
courageously her Army to content, sayng therell

But being there arived, w
With noble heart she strimed the garmet that she
to give them all what they desird to haue
A lonely grace and countenance, w
Smiling with perseveriance, w
to whom so sweet a countenance she gave.

Upon a Drunthead sitting,
As it was best besitting
for such a royll Prince thus to speake:
A Soldier I will live and dye,
Fear shall never make me dye,
nor any danger leauie to undertake.

Wch that amidst the Battell,
The Musquetires did rattle,
a peale of powder flaming all in fire:
The Cannons they did louingly play,
To please her Maestey that day:
which she in heart did louingly desire.

of Princely delights.

Her highnes thus delighted,
She royally requited.
the noble captaines and the souldiers all :
For golden Angels fiew amaine.
Round about the warlike traine,
each one rewarded was both great & small.

With that in noble manner,
To Englands fame and honour.

the thundring shot began to play agayne,
And soz this roiall princes sake,
Ratling made the ground to shake.
in spight of all their enemies of Spains.

The more to be commended,
She graciously befriended,
full many a worthy gentleman that day :
By knighting them in noble sort,
As it had bin in Englands court,
such gallant graces had she every way.

So fraily kind and louing,
She was by her approuing,
to rich & pore that came unto her grace :
Not any one but found her still,
A friend to good, a sor to ill,
and euer vertue swetly would unbrace.

The Golden Garland

But now in heauens high Pallace,
She liues in ioy and solace,
committing all her charge unto the King
Of whose admired Maiestie,
Ruling vs so quietly,
reioycingly we Hubie vs all doe sing.

FINIS.

A new Song of the strange liues of two yong Princes in England, who became two Shepherds vpon Salisbury Plaine, and after restored to their former estates.

To the Tune of the Merchant's man.

In Kingly Stephens raigne,
Two royll Dukes there was:
That all our other English Lords,
for greatnessse far did passe.
The one of Deuonshire named,
that had a daughter faire:
Which he appointed at his death,
to be his only heire.

And her in loue commits,
Unto the Cornwall Duke:
Whom he with tendernes and care,
most kindly undertooke.

The

of Princely delights. The Duke
The promise being made,
The Duke of Devonshire dyes:
And all that Cornwall bow'd to doe,
he afterwards denies.

Yet well he educates the Maid,
That Maudlin she was growne:
The fairest Lady under Heaven,
for beauty being knowne.
And many Princes sought for loue,
But none might her obtaine:
For covetous Cornwall to himselfe,
the dukedom sought to gaine.

So on a time Prince Raymond chanc'r,
This comely dame to see:
With whom he fell so deepe in loue,
as any Prince might be.
Unhappy youth what shoulde he do,
She still was kept in meyw:
Nor he nor any of his friends,
admitted to her view.

One while he melancholly pines,
Himselfe with griesse alay:
Then he thinkes by force of Armes,
to win her if he may.
Wastill at length comming loue,

The Golden Garland

Became to be his Judge :
And chang'd him soone from Lordly state,
into a kitching drudge.

And so accessse had he good Prince,
Her purpose to bewray :
But still faire Maudlins answere was,
The husbandelle would stay.
Mean while her Gardiant beat his brasnes,
Her dukedom to atchive :
Nor caring what became of her,
So he by her might thriue.

And so resolving that she should,
Unto some peasant wed :
And Raymond then suppos'd a drudge,
Should stand him in that stead.
But Maudlin marking his intent,
Unkindly takes that he,
Should bar the noblest match from her,
thus for a base degree.

The Lady shifting out of dores,
Departed thence by stealth :
Then thus with basenes for a match,
that might haue liv'd in wealth,
when Raymond heard of her escape,
With sad and grise heart :

of Princely Delights.

He left the pallace of the Dukes,
and after did depart.

Forgetfull of himselfe and birth,
His country friends and all :
And minding onely her to seeke,
that thus had prou'd his thrall :
Nor meanes he after to frequent,
The court of stately townes :
But bur'd with pinchings cares and griefe,
among the country grounds.

A brace of yeares upon that plaine,
Peere Salisburie that lies :
In great content with feeding flockes,
a sheepeheards life he tries.
In hope his loue thereby to wast,
But then began againe,
within his heart a second loue,
the worser of the twaine.

A country wench, a Peale' eards maid,
Wher Rayment kept his sheepe :
Did feed her drome with whom this prince,
in loue was wounded deepe.
Where sitting on the downy plaine,
And having small to do :
These sheepeheards there in friendly sort,

The Golden Garland. 170

thus plainly gan to woe.

I know faire maid (quoth Raymond then,
And thou as well as I,
No maid there is that willingly,
with maidenhead would dye.

The Ploughmans labour hath no end,
And he will churlish prove:
The tradesman hath more worke in hand,
then doth belong to loue.

The Merciant venturing abroad,
Suspects his wife at home:
A youth will still the wanton play,
an old man prove a momer:

Then choose a sheepheard bonny girtle
Whose life is merriest still:
For merrily he spends his daies,
thus on the faire grene hill.

And then at night when day is done,
Goes home from thence betune;
And in the fier turnes a crab,
and sings some merry cure.

Noz larkes he tales, whiles round about,
The nut-browne bowle doth trot:
And sitteth singing care away,
till he to bed he got.

of Princely Delights.

There sleepes he soundly all the night,
Forgetting morrowes cares :
Nor feares the blasting of his corne,
Nor uttering of his wares.
And this I know full well faire Lasse,
More quiet nights and daies,
The shepheard sleepes and wakes then he
whose cattle he doth graze.

A King I see is but a man,
And so sweet Lasse am I,
Content is worth a Monarchy,
and mischieses shot ful bye.
As late it did unto a Duke,
Not dwelling far from hence,
Who had a daughter saue thy selfe,
on earth the fairest wench.

With that good soule he stayd and sight,
Speake on quoth she and tell,
How faire she was and who she was,
that thus did bearre the bell :
She was (quoth he) of stately grace,
Of countenance most faire,
No maid aliuie for beauties prize,
may well with her compare.

A Globe-like head, a golden haire,

The Golden Garland.

A forehead smooth and hie :
A seemly rose , on either side
did shine a graish eie.
Two rosie cheekes and ruddy lips,
white Iuory teeth within :
A mouth in meane and vnderneath
a round and dumpled chin.

A snow-white necke with blewisshe baines,
To make her seeme more faire :
And all her body fram'd so fine,
that earth had nique more rare.
For life, for loue, for forme and face,
None fairer was then she :
And none but only she alone,
so faire a maid could be.

I knew the Lady well quoth she,
But worthlesse of such praise :
But credit me no sheepheard thou, oup no swaine
thy speeches so bewrayes.
With that he wept and she was woe ,
And both did silence keepe a long tyme
And equally perplext in loue,
They late them dolour to weepe.

In sooth quoth he I am not such,
As seeming I protest me.

of Princely delights.

To be a prince's sonne by birth,
my liking shewes no lesse.
In Scotland is my father's court,
And Raymond is my name:
With Cornelius duke I liv'd so young,
till love contrled the same.

And did this Lady dearely loue,
Though she not loued me:
But all that loue is wasted quite,
and now I die for thee.

I grant quoth she you lou'd her well,
If that your loue were such:
Yet thinke of me your second loue,
in loue to be as much.

Your twice beloved Maudlin heire,
Submits herselfe to thee,
And what she could not at the first,
the second time shall be:
In fortune, not in person chang'd,
For I am still the same,
In heart and mind as chaff and straw,
as first to me you came.

Thus sweetly surfeiting in joy,
They tenderly imbrace:
And so their wished wedding day,

The Golden Garland

found fitting time and place, set amiss and else
And so these louely princes both, and priuies
Each other did befriend, and greeves chaffred
Wher after many a hard mishap,
there loues had joyfull end.

FINIS, male & cleare, and hit

A Song of the deposing of King Richard the second,
and how after many miseries hee was murthered in
Pomphret Castle.

To the tune of regan my sorrowes.

When Richard the second in England was
And raignd with honor & state: King
Sire uncles he had his Grandfathers sons,
King Edwards that ruled of late.
All Counsellors noble and sage, erred in hi thought
yet would he not heare their alernd remonstrance
their precepts deare, but olor of auctorite
So wilfull he was in this his young age.

A sort of brane gallants he kept in his court
That framd hym to maner delight,
Which parasite pleased hym better in mind
then all his best Nobles and Knights;
Ambition and auarice grew
so great in this land,
that still from his hand,

A malle

of Princely delights.

A masse of rich treasure his parasites drew.

His peers and his barons dishonored were
And upstarts thus mounted on hie:
His commons soze tare his cities opprest,
good subjects were nothing set by:
And what to his Coffers did come,
he wantonly spent,
to please with content,
His flattering upstarts still sporting at home

when thus unto ruine this kingdom began.
To fall from the highest estate,
The Nobles of England their Princes
by parliament soone did rebate.
And likewise those flatterers all,
they banisht the court,
that made but a sport,
To see this so famous a Kingdom to fall.

But after these gallas disgraced were thys
King Richard himselfe was put downe,
And Bullenbroke Lancasters noble borne
by pollicie purchast his crowne: (Duke)
Thus ciuell warres here begun,
that could haue no end,
by foe nor by friend, (out run.
Till 7. kings raignes with their lines were

But

The Golden Garland

But Richard the breeder of all these same
In prison was woefully cast: bryoles,
where long he complained in sorrowful sort
of kingly authority past:
No Lords nor no subjects had he,
no glory, no state,
that earely and late,
Upon him attending had wont for to be.

(old,

His robes were converted to garments so
That beggers woulde hardly them weare:
His dyet no comfort at all to him brought,
for he fed upon sorrow and care:
And from prison to prison was sent,
each day and each night.
to moke him despight, (lament.
What wearied with sorowes, he still might

Good king thus abused he was at the last,
To Ponsfret in Yorkeshire conuaid:
And there in a dungeon ful low to the ground
impitied he rightly was laied.
Not one for his miserie grieved,
that late was in place,
of royallest grace,
where still the distressed he kindly reliev'd,
King Henry usurping thus all his estate,

Com

of Princely delights

Could never in heart be content,

Till some of his friends in secrecy sought,

To kill him by cruell consent:

Who come to Pomfret hied,

Where as the feare,

That toucht him so neare,

They fumisht so soon as K. Richard there died

(was

ther dyed this good king, for murthred he

That might well haue lived full long,

Had not ill counsell betraied his best good,

And done his his fortunes this wrong:

But blood for blood still calls,

No bloody staind hand,

Ran long in this land,

Stand surely, but soone unto misery falls.

Lankaster thus the Diadem gaind,

And won his title by blood:

Which after by heauens light power,

Not thre generations stood:

But yeelded to Worke againe,

thus fortune shoues,

Their proud over thses,

That cunningly clinnes an imperial raigre:

FINIS.

A Song

The Golden Garland

A song of an English Knight, that marryed the royal
Princess, Lady Mary, sister to King Henry the eight,
which Knight was afterward made Duke of Suffolk.

To the Tune of, Who list to lead a Soldiers life.

Eight Henry ruling in this land,
he had a sister faire :
That was the widowed King of France,
inricht with vertues eare.
And being come to Englands Court,
She oft beheld a Knight,
Charles Brandon namid, in whose faire eyes,
she cheisly tooke delight.

And noting in her Princeley minde,
His gallent sweet behaviour :
Shee daily drede hym by degrees,
still more and more in fauour :
Which he perciuing (courteous Knight)
Found fitting time and place,
And thus in amorous sort began,
his loue sure to her grace,

Sayme at loue faire Durens said he,
Swest let your loue incline :
That by your grace Charles Brandon may

of Princely delight) v. T

on earth be made divine: no mannes sake reflet v.
If worthlesse I might worthy be, credyng you would
To haue so good a lot:
To please your highnesse in true loue, as ye will
my fantaie doubteth not.

Or if that gentry might conveyn
So great a grace tame:
I can maintaine the same by birth:
being come of good degree:
If wealth you thinke be all my want, alredy
Your highnesse hath great loue:
And my supplyment shall be loue,
what can you wish for more.

It hath been knowne when hearey loue,
Did tye the true loue knot
Though now if gold and siluer ware gane to me
the marriage preuenteth not
The goodly Queene hereat did blithefull
But made a dumbe reply:
Whiche he imagind what she meant
and kiss her reverently.

Branden (quoth she) I greater am
Then woulde I were for thee:
But can as little master loue,
as them of lowe degree,

mp

The Golden Garland

My father was a King, and so
A King my husband was;
My brother is the like, and he
Will say I do transgresse.

But let him say what pleaseth him.
Disliking ile forgoe,
And choose a loue to please my selfe,
Though all the world laves no.
If plough-men make their marriages,
As best contents their mind,
Why should not princes of estate,
The like contentment finde?

But tell me Brandon am I not
More forward then becommes a man of good birth?
Yet blaine me not for loue I loue;
Where best my fancy deemes.
And long may Iue quoth he to loue;
For longer lime may I,
Then when I loue your royll grace,
And then disgraced dye.

But if I do deserve your loue,
My mind desires dispatch:
For many are the eyes in Court,
That on your beauty watch.
But am not I sweet Lady now,

of Princely Delights.

More fancy then behoves :
Pet for my heart forgive my tongue,
that speakes for him that loues.

The Queene and this brane Gentleman,
Together both did wed,
And after sought the kings good will,
and of their wishes sped.
For Brandon soone was made a Duke,
and graced so in court :
Then who but he did flant it forth,
amongst the noblest sort.

And so from princely Brandons line,
and Maries did proceed :
The noble race of Suffolkes house,
as after did succeed.
From whose high blood the Lady Jane,
Lord Guilford Dudleys wife,
Came by descent, who with her Lord,
in London lost her life.

FINIS.

A Song of the life and death of King Richard
the third, who after many murthers by
him committed vpon the Princes and No-
bles of this Land, was slaine at the barrell

The Golden Garland
of Bosworth in Lester shire by Henry the seventh
King of England.

To the tyme of, whiche to lead a Soldiers life,

I ^p England once there raignd a King,

a Tyrant free and fell :

who soz to gaine himselfe a Crowne,

gaue sure his soule to hell :

Third Richard was this Tyrants name,

the worst of all the thre :

That wrought such deeds of deadly vole

that wosser could not be.

For his desires were still (by blood)

to be made Englands King,

Whiche here to gaine that golden prize,

did many a wondrouſ thing :

He slaughtered by sur noble peers,

and chiefeſt in this Land :

With cuery one that likely was,

his title to withstand.

Yore bloudy fields the Tyrant sought,

ere he could bring to passe,

What he made lawlesse claime unto,

as his best liking was :

Sirt Henries Princeſly ſonne he ſlew,

Before his fathers face ?

of Princeley delights.
And weeded from our English throne,
all his renowned race.

This King likewise in Londons Tower
he murthering made away
His brother Duke of Clarence life,
he also did betray :
With these right noble Princes swaine,
King Edwards children deare :
Because to Englands roiall Crowne,
he thought them both too neare.

His owne deare wife also he slew,
Incessuously he wed :
His owne deare daughter whiche for feare,
away from him was fled.
And made such hauocke in this land,
Of all the Royall blond,
That onely one was left unslaine,
to haue his claimes with stood.

Carle Richmonde he by heauen preferud,
To right his Countries wrong :
From France prepar'd full well to fight,
brought o're an Army strong.
To whom Lord Stanley nobly came,
with many an English Peere :
And toga'd their forces in one,

The Golden Garland
Earle Richmonds heart to cheare.

Which newes when as the Tyrant heard
How they were come on shore.
And how their forces day by day,

increased more and more.

He frets, he fumes, and ragingly,
A madding fury shewes,
And thought it but in baine to stay,
and so to battell goes.

Earle Richmond he in order braue,
His fear elesse armie laid,
In midst of whom these noble words,
their valiant leader said :

Now is the time and place sweet friends,
And we the souldiers be,
What must bring Englands peace againe,
or loose our liues must we.

We valiant then, we fight for fame,
And for our countries good,
Against a Tyrant markt with shame,

for shedding Englands blood.

I am right heire of Lancaster,
Intituled to the Crowne,
Against this bloody Woare of yonke,
then let us win renowme.

of Princely delights.

Meane while had furious Richard set,
His army in array,
Mud with a gashly looke of feare,
he stoutly thus did say:

Shall Henry Richmond with his troopes,
Dre-match vs thus by might:
That comes with fearefull cowardise,
With vs thie day to fight.

Shall Tudor from Plantaginet,
Win thus the crowne away:
So Richards noble wind foretells,
that oues will be the day.

For Golden crownes we brauely fight,
And gold shall be their gaine:
In great abundance given to them,
that lives this day unslaine.

These words being spoke the battles ioynt
Where blowes they brauely change:
And Richmond like a Lyon bold,
performed wonders strange:
And mads such slaughter through the camp
Till he King Richard spiss,
Who fighting long together there,
at last the Tyrant dyes.

Thus ended Englands wofull warre,

The Golden Garland

Wsurping Richard dead ;
King Henry faire Elizabeth,

in princely sort did wed.

For he was then made Englands King,
And she his crowned Querne :
So twixt these houses long at strife
a bnyt was seene.

FINIS.

A Lamentable Song of Lady Elinor, daughter to the Duke of Buckingham, who dyed for loue of one Captaine Jenkenson that had been a Prentise of London, who went to the siege of Ierusalem with Edward the first, then King of England.

To the tune of Regero.

O England lined once a Duke,

That had a daughter braue :

To whom his Dukedom and estate,
he from all others gaue,

And dying left faire Elinor,

To be his onely heire :

Whose minde upon a Captaines loue,

Was settled deepe and deare.

This Captaine gallant Jenkenson.

By name then called so :

In prison lay soz want of meanes,

of Princeley delights,

and money he did owe,
But loue so deare assailed her,
That she must loue or dye :
And none but onely he alane,
Within her heart did lie.

So watching fit conuenient time,
She to the prison went ;
And vnderneath his window then,
full many a teare she spent.

But entring in her eyes beheld
The image of her heart :
To whom her loue and liking sone
She friendly did impart.

And hauing made her purpose knowne,
By dearest friend (quoth she :)
I haue tane order for thy debts,
and here I set thee free.
With all my land, my loue and life,
And whatsoere is mine :
Take all and giue me liberty,
that here haue caused thine.

So sooner was he got at large,
And wealth relieu'd his woe :
But thence unto Jerusalem,
did Englands Edward goe.

The Golden Garland

With whom this Captaine Jenkenson
Was nobly entertainde :
And so unkindly went from her,
As one whom he disdaide.

Which when she heard, she tooke her hayre,
And cast her on the ground,
And being ouerpest with griefe,
She fell into a solwnd.
But afterward recovering sence,
This Letter she did write :
And sent it after him to read,
as heere I will recite.

FINIS.

The Letter. To the same tune.

What faults of mine haue caused this,
My dearest friend tell me :
If I haue beene the meanes thereof
then mournfull may I be,
My loue thou knowest deare Jenkenson
Full many a Lord hath sought,
Yet all haue mist saue thou alone,
and thou settest me at naught.

If thy deires be so to warres,
Then warres sweet loue with me ?

of Princely delights.

For Cupids gallant soldiers still,
the sweetest warriers be :
With thee Ie live, with thee Ie dye,
with thee Ie loose or gaine :
Returne sweet loue for in thy life,
Consists the liues of twaine.

Most wisely valiant are those men,
That backe their arred steds :
In Courtly tilts in tyme of peace,
to breake their staves like reeds :
where not the dint of wounding swords,
But some deuice of loue,
They may their manhoods courteously,
before their Ladies prooue.

Where Ladies dosse their louers helmes,
And kisse where Beauers hito :
And parley vnder Canopies :
how well or ill they did ;
Retire therefore retire sweet heart,
Where if thou wilt be arind,
Come fight vpon my bosome heere,
and so escape unharmed.

But now me thinkes I see thy looks,
Quite changed in thy face,
He thinkes thy comeliness and gate

hat,

The Golden Garland.

hath lost their wonted grace :
He thinkes I see thy manly limbes,
With Armoys burthen lame.
And warklike weapons wounding deere,
thy noble boosome maime.

I see thy faint with Summers heate,
And droope with winters colde :
I see thee not as late thou wast,
for young thou art growne olde :
And sorow greatly for to know,
What now I would not see,
Thy dearest Lady thus in baine,
to plead for loue to thee.

Thus when my grieses my sighes & teares,
Shall come unto thy view,
Then wilt thou find by these my paines,
my loue is deare and true.
But these my words thou carst not so,
I see thou artunkind :
Yet here to ease my dying heart,
in letters take my minde.

Captaine Jenkinsons Answere.

I have peruso I know not what,
forsooth thy scroule of loue :
In hope by these thy flatteryng lines,

of Princely Delights.

My settled minde to moue :
But I disdaine to talke of loue,
much lesse in loue to be ;
For martiall drayns and warlike stredds,
more better please me.

The Bees that sweetest hony beares.

have likewise smarting stings :
And thou no whit dost want a bait,
that so repenfance brings.
Content thee therefore Elinor,
thou temperst loue by art :
Although it come unto mine eyes
it shall not touch my heart.

When sea shal flame, when sun shal fræze
and mortall men shall die :

And riuers overflow their bankes,
in loue will then be I.

When these shall be and I not be,
then may I chance to loue :

And then the strangest change youle see,
that I a louer prove.

Let beauers hide, not kisses hurt,
my lippes for lippes unfit :

Let wounded limbes not silken loues,

The Golden Garland

on top of honour sit.

I scorne a Souldier that should come
to please a louers mind :

That fights for Faine in fields of blood
Should alter thus from kind.

Yet some there be whose maiden hayres
no sooner buds on chin,

But they to loue our Ladies faire
doe wantonly begin.

And wins them soone who would be won
and being won with speed :

They gained haue a crop of corne,
that scarce is worth the seed,

These loue in sport but leauē in spight,
as I haue found it true,

And being thus so easily won,
are changed for a new.

But kindness must haue kindest use,
though kind be hardly one,

Their kindness then I must refuse,
because I will haue none.

And strange it were (a Souldier) I
should loue this English maid.

The wonders seven should then be eight
could loue me so perswade :

But loue & hate fare ill w^t well,

of Princeely delights

I thus conclude my minde :
My welcome when I come to thre,
Shall surely proveunkinde.

This Answer brought to Elinor,
such inward sorrow bred :
That she in reading of these lines
doore Lady fell downe dead.
Where her deare loue and gentle life,
Had both together end :
And as we may suppose in death,
her soule did loue his friend,

For she by Will did him bequeath,
Her substance and estate :
Thus loue being grounded in the heart,
can never turne to hate.
Her wealth, her meanes, and all she had,
This Captaine did possest :
Whch brought unto his grieved soule,
much woe and wretchednesse.

For comming from Ierusalem,
And entring on the same,
To view what wealth the Lady left,
he to her Chamber came :
Where as the Ladies picture hung,
With whch he fell in loue.

End

The Golden Garland

And so the shaddow wrought the shing,
the substance could not moue.

Her courtesie and his despight,

He calleth then to mynde:

And of her beauty being dead

a sodaine change did finde:

Rememb'ring then his low degree;

And reckoning her desert:

He could not thynke but that he bore

in loue too proud a heart.

How loue (qd he) though breathlesse she,

Doth such a flame contrive:

The which shall soone confinne me quite;

for I doe burne aline.

Alas then did he pause in teares,

Oh take it from mine eye,

This picture hath procurde my death;

and for the same must dye.

Fox she that was the owner liude

And dyed a louer true;

whose Ghost at parting could not choose,

but say sweet loue adue.

Adue indeede kind gentle Dame,

Fox lacke of loue that dyed:

And left off living in that eye;

her

of Princely delights
her of my loue denied.

Thus by her picture prickt with loue
He felte continuall woe
And bearing it still in his hand
he to her graue did goe.

Where sitting on the same he said,
He loues the shadow now :
Whose heart unto the substance late,
Would rather breake then holde.

Oh gods, I grant soz this contempt
I must indure your dwine :
And sacrifice mine owne false heart
vpon my true loues tombe.
Whose onely beautyp worthy was,
To match without a dower :
Yet she in vaine did beg my loue,
full many a locary houre.

And hauing spoke these mournesfull words,
A Tragedy to make :
His dagger from his side in hast,
he desperatly did take :
And to his heart he strooke the same,
With all his manly force :
And so vpon his true loues graue,
Was made a liewelesse coarce.

Finis,

The Golden Garland.

A Courtly new Song of the Princely wooing of the
faire Maide of London by K. Edward.

To the tune of, Bonny sweet Robin.

Faire Argell of England, thy beauty so bright,
Is all my hearts treasure, my joy and delight :
Then grant me, sweet Lady, thy true loue to be,
That I may say welcōme good fortune to me.

The Turtle so pure and chaste in her loue,
By gentle persuasions her fancy will moue :
Then be not intreated, sweet Lady, in vaine
If by nature requireth what I would obtaine.

What Phenix so famous that liueth alone,
Is belovēd to chaste being but one ?
But be not my Darling so chaste in desire,
Lest thou like the Phenix doe penance in fire.

But alas, gallant Lady) I pity thy state,
Im being resoluēd to liue without mate :
For if of our Courting the pleasures you knēw
You woulde haue a likēng the same to ensue.

Long time haue I suēd the faire to obtaine,
Yet am I requited with scornefull disdaine :

Ent

of Princeley delights.

But if you will grant your good favour to me,
you shall be advanced to Princeley degree.

Promotions and honours may often induce
The chasteſt that liveth, though never ſo nice :
What woman ſo worthy, but will be content,
To live in the Pallace where Princes frequent ?

Two-brides young & Princeley to Church I have led,
Two Ladies moft louely haue decked my bed,
Yet hath thy loue taken moſe root in my heart,
Then all their contentments wherof I had part.

Your gentle hearts cannot mens feares worth abide,
And women leaſt angry when moſt they doe chide :
Then yeeld to me kindly, and ſay that at length,
Men doe want mercy, and poore women ſtrough.

I grant that faire Ladies way poore men reſiſt,
But Princes will conquer and loue whom they liſt :
A King may command her to ſleepe by his ſide,
Whose features deſerueth to be a Kings Bride.

In granting your loue you ſhall purchase reuolons,
Your head ſhall be deckt with Englands fair Crowne
The garments moft gallant with gold ſhall be wrought
If it ne loue for treasure of ther may be bought.

The Golden Garland

Great Ladies of honour shall tend on thy fraine
Most richly attyred with Scarlet in graine :
My chamber most princely thy person shall keepe,
Wherre virgins with musicke shall rock thee asleepe.

If any more pleasures thy heart can intent
Command them sweet Lady thy mind to content :
For Kings gallant courts, where Princes do dwel,
Afford such sweet pastimes as Ladies loue well.

Then be not resoluued to die a true maide,
But print in thy bosome the words I haue said :
And grant a King fauour thy true loue to be,
What I may say welcome sweet virgin to me.

F I N I S.

The faire maide of Londons answer to King Edward
wanton Loue.

To the same tune.

O wanton King Edward, tis labour in vaine,
To follow the pleasure thou canst not attaine :
With getting thou loosest, and hauing dost walst it,
The which if thou purchase, is spoild if thou hast it.

But if thou obtainest it, thou nothing haft won
And I looking nothing, yet quite am vndone :
But if of that Jewell a King do deceiue me

of Princely delights

No King can restore, though a Kingdome he giveme.

My colour is changed since pon saw me last,

My fauour is vanisht, my beauty is past:

The rosie red blushes that sate on my cheeke,

To palenesse are turned, which all me amilikes.

I passe not what I purpos for loue do protest,

The name of a Virgin contenteth me best:

I haue not deserued to sleep by thy side,

Nor to be accounted for King Edwards Blame.

The name of a Prince I never did craue,

No such type of honour thy handwain will haue:

My brest shall not harbour so lofty a thought,

Nor be with rich praffers to wantonnesse brought.

If I told wakyn Rosamond one of our sort,

Had never frequented King Henrys braue Court,

Such iaynes of depe sorrow she never had seen,

Nor taaxed the rage of so icalous a Queene.

All men haue their freedome to shew in their intent,

They wi: not a woman, except she consent:

Who then can impute vnto them any fault,

Who still go upright, but ill women do haulf:

Tis counted a kindnesse in men for to trye;

The Golden Garland

And vertue in women the same to deny :
For women unconstant can never be prou'd,
Until by their betters therin they be mou'd.

If women and modesty once do but seeke,
Then fare well god name and credite for ever :
And Royall King Edward let me be erilde,
Cry any man know that my body's desilde.

No, no, my old father's reverend teares
Too deepe an impression within my soule beares :
Nor shall his bright honour, that blis by me haue,
To bring his gray haires with griefe to his grave.

The heauens so bid that when I shall dye,
That any such staine vpon my soule lie :
If I have thus kept ye from doing this sinne,
My heart shall not yeeld with a Prince to begin.

Come rather with pity to weepe on my tombe,
Then for my birth curse my deare mother's wombe :
That brought forth a blossome which stained the tree,
With wanton desires to shame her and me.

Leave me (most noble King) tempt not in vaine,
My milke white affections with lewdnesse to staine
Though England will giv me no comfort at all,
Yet England will giv me a sad buriall.

FINIS.

Th

of Princeely delights.

The most cruell murther of Edward the fift, and his brother Duke of Yorke, in the Towre; by their Uncle Richard Duke of Gloster.

To the tune of Fortune my foy.

When God had tame away true wisomes King,
Edward the fourth whose fame shal alwayes ring
which raigned had full two and tisenye yeares,
And ruled well amongst his noble Peeres.

when as he dyed two sonnes he left behinde,
The Prince of Wales, & Duke of Yorke most kind:
The Prince the elder, but eleven yeares old,
The Duke more yong as Chzonicles haue told.

The dead Kings brother, Duke of Gloucester,
Was chosen for the Prince his Protester:
Who straightway plotted how to get the Crounne,
And pull his brother Edwards children downe.

Edward the fift, the Prince was cald by name
who by succession did that title gaine.
A prudent Prince whose wisdome did excell,
Which made his uncles heart with hatred swell.

Then did the Duke vs all the meanees he might,
By dambd deuises for to worke their spight:
At length the diuell put it in his head,

The Golden Garland

How all his plots should be accomplished.

With sugred words which had a poysond sting,
He did intice the Duke and the yong King :
For safeties sake to lode them in the Towre,
A strong defende and Londons chiefeſt flower.

His faire spoke ſpeeches and bewitching charme
Who told them it wold ſecure them from all harme :
Thus by faire words yet cruell treachery,
He won their hearts within the Towre to lye.

Great entertainment he theſe Princes gaue,
And cauſe the Towre to be furniſht braue :
With ſumptuous cheare he feasted them that day,
Thus ſubtile Wolves with harapeles lambs do play.

With muſicke sweet he ſilte their princely eares,
And to their face a ſmiling countenance beares :
But his ſoule heart with miſchiefe was poſſed,
And treacherous thoughts were alwaies in his bed.

When as bright Phœbus had poſſed the weſt,
And t'at t'is time was come for all to reſt :
The Duke of Gloſter the two Princes led
Into a ſumptuous chamber to their bed.

When theſe ſweet children thus were laid in bed,

And

of Princely Delights.

And so the Lord their hearty prayers had said:
Sweet slumbering sleepe then closing vp their eyes,
Each folded in each others arme then lies.

The bloody uncle to these children sweet,
Unto a night to breake his mind thought make
Dre sir Iames Tirrell, which did thinke it best,
For to agree to his bloody request.

Sir Iames he said my resolutions this.
And so to do the same you must not misse :
This night so that the King be murthered,
And the yong Duke as they lie in their bed.

So when these branches I haue pulled downe,
Theres none þ which can keepe me from the Crowne
My brother Duke of Clarence he was found,
In Tower within a But of Malmesey drownd.

It was my plot that he should drowned be,
Because that none should claim the Crowne but me,
And when these children thou hast murdered,
Ile weare the Royall Crowne upon my head.

And know thou Tirrell when that I am King,
Ile raise thy state and honours to thee bring :
Then be resolur'd, tut be not thou afraid,
My Lord Ile do't, this bloody Tirrell said.

The Golden Garland

He got two villaines for to act this p[ri]ce,
Hell-hearted murthers and did them disguise
The one Miles Forrest which there keeper was
The other Dighton keeper of his horse.

At midnight then when all thing's they were hylt,
These bloody slaues into the chamber crault
And to the bed full softly did they creepe,
Wher these sweet babes did lie full fast asleepe.

And presently did wrap them in the cloathes,
And stopt their harmelis[b]e breath with the pillows:
Yet did they srtue and strugge what they might,
Untill the slaues had stifeled both them quicke.

Wher as the murderers saw that they were dead,
They tooke their bodies forth the cursed bed,
And then they buried these lame little ones
At the staire foot vnder a heape of stones.

But marke how God did scange them for this ded,
As in the Chronicles you there may reade
Blood deserueth blood, for so the Lord hath said,
So at the length their blood was truely paid.

For when their Uncle he hadaign'd two yeares:
He fell at variance then amongst his Peeres:
In Leestershire at Bosworth he was slaine,

of Princely delights. sc. I

By Richmonds Earle as he did rightly gaine.

In pieces was he helwed by his foes,
And kickt and spurned with their feet and toes :
They stript him then, and dragd him vp and downe,
And on stout Richmonds head they put the Croone.

The bloody murtherer (Sir James Tirrell,
For treason lost his head on Towre hill :
And to Miles Forrest befell no worse a Lot,
For he in pieces alue away did eate.

And John Dighton, the other bloody sien),
No man can tell how he came to his end :
Thus God did pay these murtherers their due,
And hell-bred Pluto plagued them with fire.

A excellent Song, entituled, A penny-worth of Wit,

To the tune of Laban-lafout.

I
In ancient yeares as bookez arricke,
Of old done deeds both more and lese :
A Merchant yong of tender yeares
As by the sequell well apperes :
a worthy woman tooke to wife
right well brought up, and void of strife,
Could he with her haue been content,
Great blessings might the Lord haue sent :

Ent

The Golden Garland.

But he in harlot loued more
Wherewith his friends were vexed sore.

In tract of time his chance it was,
In Merchants wise the seas to passe:
In landes right strange was his intent,
With merchandize he forward went,
And at his parting thought it meet,
His concubine and quare to greet:
And of her loue did sweetly pray,
And fauour for to part alway:
With sightng semblance then quoth she,
My deare will you depart from me.

Then to his wedded wife he went,
Saying dame what thing most excellent,
You are desirous for to haue,
Of any thing that heart can craue:
Give me your money to bestow,
Then from her purse she forth did draw,
A faire coide penny verily,
Wherewith she wold him wai it to buy,
Of other toyes small mind had she,
But Jesu blesse your long iourney.

This said she leapt; then parted he,
Thinking great soule of her penny,
But past the seas and looke the shone,

of Princely delights.

And sped right well, what would we more,
in many wares he did abound,
of merchandize both good and sound.
His ships well fraught he homward sent
So well had he his substance spent:
And for his concubine alache,
He had bestowed many a knache.

Then last his wife remembred he,
And with his mates of merry glæs,
Unto a Taverne forth they go:
In feasting sort the truth is so
he said he shold be much unkind,
her merchandise to leave behynd.
But said the substance was so small,
That it wold buy nothing at all:
And therat made a icasting sport,
To all that thither did resort.

Not farre from thense on a seat right nigh,
There was an old man sitting by,
who said good sir I can you shew,
How you that penny shall bestow,
for if you haue a wedded wife,
I wish you haue her during life.
A wife I haue indeed quoth he,
And a Lemman faire and bright of blee,
whom I do trust, and cuer shall,
So constant is her loue tothat.

The

The Golden Garland

The old man answered at last,
So soone as you the weas haue past,
Then put of all your faire array,
And to your Lemmon take your way,
saying that thou a Merchant great,
didst robbe, and wickedly entreat,
And for his goods thou hast him slaine,
And art persude therefore a maine :
Now which of both doe pitte shew,
With her abide in weale and woe.

With that the penny forth he drew,
which to the old man straight he threw,
Having he would go tri the same
So in shoxl space he ouer came.

in cloashes rent too vile to see,
vato his Lemmans house went he.
And softly knocked at her doore,
But when she saw he was so poore,
In frauering sort she turnd her backe,
Perceiving him to be in lacke.

He said sweet Lemmon for Christ his sake,
Upon me here some pitte take,
Upon the weas my goods I losse,
My selfe in danger greatly tosse,
a Merchant murdered is and slaine,
by meanes of me and of my traine ;

Wm. Hert

of Princely delights.

Wherfore sweet heart now pitte me,
For need alacke, I come to thee,
But she with words right fierce and fell,
Said villaine, wzech adieu, farewell.

Shall I gine succour to thy deed?
The Diuell grant thee ill to speed,
Auoyde thou rascal! hence apace,
Thy fact deserues to haue no grace,
go home unto that Gib thy wife,
let her gine succour to thy life,
For by the faith to God I owe,
I meane the Officer shall know,
Except from hence in hast thou packe:
He turnd his face and cryde alacke.

Then in that poore and simple array,
Unto his wife he tooke his way,
And told like tale as he before,
Had uttered to his wicked whore,
and said Sweet wife without your aide
I feare I shall be sone betraio.
My spowse quoth she, take you no grise,
A hundred pounds for your reliese,
I yet haue here for you in stoe
When that is gone we will get more.

And for your pardon sir quoth she,

The Golden Garland

I will make meads as you shall see,
And all your creditors will pray,
To take with you a longer day,
good friends I have, take you no thought,
this thing to passe shall well be brought.
And as much goods as here before,
They shall you give or rather more,
With that he did his wife embrace,
And told her true in every case.

Together then that night they lay,
And in the morning passing gay,
This merciant did himself attire,
In costly suits for his desire:
With servant's two for his intent,
into his Leman's house he went;
As by the way she did him spy,
She ran and met him by and by,
And said my love for very shame,
What moved you to worke this game.

Why came you basely to my boder?
Why did youaigne your selfe so poore?
With you do knowe you haue my loue,
And all my goods for your behoue?
She then with him did kisse and dally,
as she was wont with ancient fally,
My Leman deare he said againe,

of Princely delights.

To me it hath been told right plaine,
You haue another friend in Rose,
Whom you doe loue at heart right seze.

The Jewels which I gaue to you,
He hath in hold I tell you true:
Then vp she rose all in a braide,
And all those things before him laide:
he tooke them vp and cald his men,
and said go get you home agen;
With this apparell and this geare,
She said what will you robbe me here,
He tooke all things to hand that caine,
And bare all home vnto his Dame.

And said behold my louing feere;
See here these Jewels and this geere,
Looke well thereon and do not spare,
Here is a penny worth of ware:
he told her likewise how and wher
he had this counsell of a man:
She saw those iewels did abound,
In value worth a hundreth pound,
They thanked God both, for his grace,
And after liu'd in happy case.

FINIS.

Time

The Golden Garland

Titus Andronicus complaint.

To the tune of Fortune.

Yon noble minds and famous martiall wights,
That in defence of native countrey fights:
Give eare to me that ten yeares sought for Rome,
Yet reapt dis grace when I returned home.

In Rome I liyd in same full threescore yeares.
By name beloued deare of all his Peeres:
Full fiftie and twenty valiant sonnes I had,
Whose forward vertues made their father glad.

For when Romes foes their warlike forces felt,
Against them still my sonnes and I were sent:
Against the Gothes full ten yeares weary warre,
We spent, receiving many a bloody scarre:

Just two and twenty of my sonnes were slaine
Before we did returne to Rome againe:
Of fiftie and twenty sonnes I brought but three
Alive, the stately towres of Rome to see.

When warres were done I conquest home did bring
And did present my prisoners to the King:
The Queene of Goth her sonnes and eke a More,
Which did much murder like was neare before.

of Princely delights.

The Emperour did make this Quene his wife
Whiche bred in Roine debate and deadly strife :
The Moore with her two sonnes did grow so prouide,
That none like them in Roine was then allowid.

The Moore so pleasd the new made Empresse eye
That she consented with him secretly :
For to abuse her husbands mariage bed,
And so in turne a blacke a moore she had.

Then she whose thoughts to murder were inclinde
Consented with the Moore with bloody minde :
Against myselfe, my kin and all my friends
In cruell sorte to bring them to their ends.

So when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both wo and griefe began then to increase :
Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter bright,
Whiche ioyde and pleased best my ages sight.

My deare Launa was betroth'd as than
To Cæsars sonne a yong and noble man :
Who in a hunting by the Emperours wifey
And her two sonnes bereaued were of life,

We being slaine was cast in cruell wise
Into a disp'call den from light of skyes :
The cruel Moore did come that way as then;

The Golden Gathland viii

With my two sonnes who fell into that den.

The More then seeth the Emperour with speed,
For to accuse them of that murtherous deed:
And then my sonnes within the den were found
In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

But now behold what wounded most my minde,
The Emperours two soures of Tygers bunde:
My daughter rauished without remorse,
And toke away her honour quite perforce.

When they had tasted of so sweet a flower,
Fearing their sweet should shortly turne to sorrow,
They cut her tongue, whereby she could not tell,
How that dishonour unto her befell.

Then both her handes they falsely cut of quite,
Wher by their wuketesse she could not write,
Nor with her needle on her sampler sow,
The bloody workers of her direfull boore.

My brother Marcus found her in a wood, and a mowe
Satining the grass eftound with purple blood:
That trickled frpm her stumps and handlesse armes,
No tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.
But when I saw her in that deefull case,

of Princely delights..

With teares of bloud I wet my aged face :
For my Latinia I lamented more
Then for my two and twenty sonnes before.

When as I saw she could not write nor speake,
With griefe my a red heart began to breake,
we spread a heape of sand upon the ground,
Whereby these bloody tyrants out we found.

For with a stasse without the helpe of hand,
She wirt these weedes byon that plot of land :
The lustfull sonnes of the grand Empresse
Are doers of this hatefull wickednesse.

I fare the mi ke white haire from off my head
I cur the haire wherem I first was breed :
I wiste my hand that fought for constance name,
In cradles roote had first been broken lame.

The Moore delighting still in villany,
Did say to let my sonnes to q[ui]et prison tree :
I shoulde tell the king my right hand gine,
And t[he]reby the moste forsworne sonnes shoulde lye.

The Moore I caused to scise it off with speede,
Wherat I g[ave] neuer not to see it bleed,
But for my sonnes shoulde willingly depart,
And for their ransome he had my bleeding heart.

The Golden Garland

But as my life did linger thus in paine
They sent to me my bloddeste hand againe:
And therewithall the heads of my two sonnes,
Which did my dying heart with fressher moanes.

Then pafft reliefe I vp and downe did go,
And with my teares wort in the dust my wo:
I shot my arrowes towards heauen high
And for reuenge to hell did sometimes cry.

The Empresse then thinking I was mad
Like Furies she and both her sonnes were clad:
So he namde reuenge, and rape and murder they,
To boderwme and know what I would say.

I fed their foolish vaines a certaine space,
Untill my friends and I did finde a place
Where both her sonnes vnto a post were bound,
Whereto just reuenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their threats, my daughter held the pan,
Betwix her stumps wherin their blood then ran,
And then I ground their bones to powder small
And made a paste for pies straight therewithall.

Then with their flesh I made two mighty pies,
And at a banquet serue in Hatchly wise,
Before the Empresse set this loathsome meat,

of Princeely delights
Soo of her sonnes owne flesh she well did eate,

My selfe bereaude wry daughter then of life,
The Empresse then I stow with bloody knife;
I stabde the Emperour immedately,
And then my selfe, euen so did Titus dye.

Then this reuenge against the Moore was sond,
Aline they set him halfe into the ground,
whereas he stood vntill such time he steride,
And so God send all marchers may he serue.

The end of the first Part of a tragrame play

F 3

The Golden Garland

The Second Part of the Golden

Garland.

The Shepheards resolution.

To the tune of the Yong mans opinion,

Shall I wasting in despaire,
Dye because a womans faire :
Shall my cheeks looke pale with care,
Cause anothers wome are fayre
Be she fairer then the Day,
Or the flowry Meads in May :
Yet if she thinke not well of me,
What care I how faire she be.

Shall a womans goodnessesse moue,
Me to perish for her loue :
Or her worthy merits knowne,
Make me quite forget mine owne :
Be she with that goodnesse blest,
As may merit name of best :
Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how faire she be,

of Princeely delights.

Be she good or kynge or faire,
I will never more despaire :
If she loue me, tis beleue,
I will die ere she shall grieue :
If she slight me when I woee, and I my selfe taue
I will scorue and let her goe ;
Yet if she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be.

Shall a woman truely wise,
Draw amazement from mine eyes,
wondring that from such a Creature,
Wisedome thus should come by nature :
And comprehend the best of things,
That from the well of wisedome springs :
Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how wise she be.

Shall I cast affection dolour,
Because I see a woman bywone and aduertis ?
Shall beauties changeling kill desire,
Or loathing quench out fancies fire :
Be she browne or blacke or soule,
or fronted like a broad eyde White swan yong and wylde
Yet if she be not such to me, how care I for her ?
What care I how foule she be.

Shall my heart with sorrow burst,

The Golden Garland; 10

Because I see a woman curst :
Or shall I grieue when I behold,
The picture of a pure scole.
Be her tongue so truely euill,
That well might tire the very Devil.
Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how curst she be.

Shall a Womans tempting smile,
Accuse her for a Crocodile :
Or shall I trust a Wantous eyes,
That most dissembles when she cryes,
Be women made of euill wholly,
To draw us men to wanton folly.
Yet if they be not such to me,
What care I how ill they be.

Shall wemens all-affecting features,
Make me iudge them Angell creatures :
Shall I think them come from heauen,
To be an earthly blessing given,
Be good or bad or what you please,
The less we need them most at ease,
Be what they will it not for me,
I care not then what women be.

FINIS.

The

of Princely delights.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Sleep wayward thoughts, & rost you with my loue,
Let not my loue be with my loue disaster,
Touch not pronde hands, lest you her anger moone,
But pine you with my longings long displeasure,
thus while she sleepes I sorrow for her sake,
so sleepes my loue, and yet my loue doth wake,

But O the fate of these my reslesse scressons
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires :
The glories and the beauties that appears,
Betwene her browes, where Cupids clased fires,
thus while she sleepes moves sighing for thy sake,
so sleepes my loue and yet my loue doth wake.

My loue doth rage and yet my loue doth rest,
Faire in my loue and yet my loue secure,
Peace in my loue and yet my loue opprest,
Impatient yet of perfect temperature.

Sleepe dainty loue, whiche I sigh for thy sake,
so sleepes my loue and yet my loue doth wake.

F I N I S.

Caridons farewell to Phillis.

Farewell deare loue since thou wilst needs begone,
Thine eyes do shew my life is almost done,

map

The Golden Garland

Now I will never die, so long as I can spy,
there be many more, though that she do go,
There be many more I feare not,
Why then let her go I care not.
Farewell, farewell, since this I find is true,
I will not spend more time in wooring you;
but I will seek elsewhere, if I may find loue there,
shall I bid her go? What and if I doe?
Shall I bid her go and spare not,
No no, no, no, I dare not.
Ten thousand times farewell, yet stay a while,
Sweet kisse me once sweet kisses time beguile:
I haue no power to moue how now, am I in loue?
Wilt thou needes be gone: go then, all is one:
Wilt thou needes be gone: Oh high shee,
Stay stay, and do no more deny me.
Once more adieu, I see loath to depart,
Bids oft alone to her that holds my heart:
but seeing I must loose thy loue which I did chiefe,
go thy way for me, since that may not be:
Go thy wayes for me, but whether?
Go, oh but where I may come thither,
what shall I do, my loue is now departed,
She is as faire as she is cruell hearted:
we would not be intreated w^t prayers oft repeated,
If she come no more, shall I dye therefore,
If she come no more, what care I,
Faith let her go or come or tarry.

FINIS.

The

of R^einckely delights.

The Weauers Shuttle, or a Loue-Song made by a Pre-
tise of London, that loued a yong Gentlewoman in
the countrey, doubting of her constancy, and the
true intent of her louing him.

To the tune of, *Riding to Rumford.*

O h how I sigh and sob
O h how I languish :
O h how my heart doth throb
with griesse and anguish,
My song I cannot tune,
For loue I do consume
I cannot wozke in Looing
hang vp my shuttle.

My treadles all stand still
I cannot use them :
My shuttle and my quill,
I will refuse them.
My batten and my slay,
And all my Leses play
Hey hoe, till holiday,
hang vp my shuttle.

Pet though they do stand still,
I must be doing :
And to my loue in good will,

The Golden Garland

I must a swoing,
I cannot marry be,
But in her company,
Sweet heart I come to thee,
And leave my shuttle.

And when I visit thee,
And haue my wishes,
And entertained be,
With dainty kisses.
To how my heart doth grieve,
To see my love to leue,
And go againe to weane,
And lese my shuttle.

Yet shuttle flye apace,
Till thou art weary :
For I must weane my lace,
Sing and be merry.
Till the next holiday,
When thou and I will play
Day ho cast care away,
Hanging by my shuttle.

If thou unconstant prove,
He not respect thee :
But choose another loue,
And quite reiet thee.

of Princely delights

A weaver thou shalt know,
He comes to be served so,
Though my true heart I show,
Using my shuttle.

Gentlemen weavers all,

That heares my ditty,
Pardon my verses small,
rude and unwisly.

If they do you offend,
Perf I make I will mend,
And so my song doth end,
reach me my shuttle.

F I N I S.

Of the inconueniences by Marriage.

To the tune of When Troy town.

Fond wanton youth makes lone a god,
Which after prouely ages rod :
Their youth, their time, their wit and art,
They spend in seeking of their smart :
And which of follies is the chiese,
They woo their wo, they wed their griefe.

All find it so that wedded are,

Loues

The Golden Garland

Loues sweet they find enfold to bryte tare.
His pleasures pleasing st in the eye,
Whiche tasted once with loathing die:
they find of follies tis the chiese,
their wo to woo to wed their griese,

If for their owne content they chose,
Forthwith their kindreds loue they loose,
And if their kindred they content,
For ever after they repent:
O tis of all our bodies chiese
Our wo to woo to wed our griese.

In bed what strifes are bryd by day
Our puling wifes do open lay;
None friends, none foes we must esteeme,
But whom they so bouchsafe to deeme:
O tis of all our follies chiese
Our wo to woo, to wed our griese.

Their smile we want if ouglt they want;
And either we thair wils must grant:
Or die they will or are with child
Thei laughing must not be beguylid.
O tis of all our follies chiese
Our wo to woo, to wed our griese.

Foule wifes are iealous faire wifes fall
Marriage

of Princely Delights.

Marriage to either binds vs thralle
Wherfore being bound we must obey,
And forced be perforce to saye:
Of all our follies tis the chiefe, and swyng on
Our wo to woo, so wed our griefe,

FINIS.

The Shepheards Joy

To the tune of Barra Fairies Dreamed

Come sweet loue, let sorrow cease,
Banish frownes leue of discontent:
Loue warres make the sweetest peace,
hearts uniting by contention.
Sun-shine followes after raine
Sorrowes ceasing: this is pleasing
All proues faire againe
after sorrow soone comes joy
Try me, proue me, trust me, loue me
This will cure annoy.

winter hides his frosty face
Blushing now to be more veiled:
Spring return'd with pleasant grace,
Floraes treasures are renewed:
Lambes reioye to see the Spring,
Skipping, leaping, sporting, playing at

Eids

The Golden Garland

Birds for joy do sing,
So let the Syring of joy reme,
Laughing, colling, kissing, playing,
And giue loue his due

See those bright sunnes of thine eyes,
Clouded now with blacke disdaining,
Shall such stormy tempests rise,
To set loues faire dayes a raying?
All are glad the skyes being cleare,
Lightly isying, sporting, toying,
With their louely cheare?
but as sad to see a shower,
Hadly drooping, lowring, poutring,
Turning sweet to sorwr.

Then sweet loue dispears this cloude,
That obscures this scornewfull coryng:
When all creatures sings aloude,
filling hearts with ouer isying.
As every bird do choose her make,
Gently billing, she is willing
Her true loue to take:
With such wordes let vs contentid,
Wloing, doing, wedding bedding,
And so our strise shall end.

FINIS.

of Princely delights. Cant

A pleasant Song Intituled, You pretty wantons warble.

You pretty birds that sit and sing
amidst the shady ballyes,
And see how sweetly Phillis walkes
within her garden alleys.

Go pretty birds unto her bosome
sing pretty birds she may not loyme idyllicke
For feare my fairest Phillis trouene of a new friend
you pretty wantons warble.

Go tell her through your chirpling bills,
as you by me are bidden :
To her is only knowne my loue,
which from the world is hidden.
Go pretty birds and tell her so
see that your notes fall not too low,
For feare etc.

We hume your voyces harmony
and sing I am her Louer :
Straine low and hie that every note
with sweet content may move her.
Tell her it is her louer true,
that sendeth loue by you and you,
Aye me, me thinkes I see her scowne,
you pretty wantons warble.

The Golden Garland

Fly, fly, make haste me thinks sh'ēs faine
into a pleasant slumber :

Sing round about her Rosie bower
that waking she may wonder.

And he that hath the sweetest boyce
tell her Ile never change my choyce.

Aye me &c.

Fly pretty birds, and in your bills
bear me a louting letter,
Unto my fairest Phillis, and
With your sweet musick greet her,
Go pretty birds unto her, hye,
haste pretty birds unto her, flye :
Aye me &c.

And if you finde her sadly set
about her sweetly chaunt it :
Untill she smiling raise her head
nere cease untill she grant it.

Go pretty birds and tell her I,
as you haue done, will to her abyde.

Aye me &c.

Whence so th refuse, you pretty birds
to chirpe in brouch places :
And dralw you all together there,
where louely Phillis traces.

Whate

of Princely delights.

There pretty birds about her sing
there pretty birds make echoes ring:
For feare my fairest Phillis frowne,
you pretty wantons warble.

F I N I S.

The Lotiers lamentation for the death of faire Phillis.

H ow can I chuse but sigh and moane
and enermore sit weeping?
W y fairest Phillis she is gone
death hath her in his keeping.
D eath how durst thou be so bold
to lay my Phillis in the mold?
A ye me, aye me, aye woe is me
cease pretty birds to warble.

C eaſe now your chirping melody
for Spring times past and gone,
And Winters chilling stormes day
your harmony be ſhowne,
K eepe you your nests, I le keepe my deare,
where thou land fritzfull obie is been,
A ye me &c.

H er shadow hanging in my light
addes to my griefe and anguish:
T he ſubſtanc e wanting in the night,

The Golden Garland

for which I lye and languish.
The pretty tope the bosome to losse,
lie scattered now, some here, some there,
Aye me, aye me &c.

So that the place wher she surnide,
which was a place of pleasure,
Is vncouth made by losse of this
ineffimable treasure :

That beauty that made her exell,
made that seem heauen that now seemes
Aye me, aye me &c. (hell :)

Wert that the force of men detaine,
my fairest Phillis from me.

O Iron barres, oj bolts, oj locks,
We might not looke vpon me.

Then thought I hope to re-obtaine
her presence, but all hope is baime,
Aye me, aye me &c.

Oh why should mens desires like hounds,
pursue this vaine worlds pleasure ?
And count them happy in nought else,
but in this vaine worlds treasure,
Seing to day we mount in Mirth,
and fall to morrow in the earth :
Aye me, aye me &c.

Finis.

100

of Princely Delights.

The Maidens complaint.

To the tune, I can nor will no longer lie alone.

C An any tell me what I aile,
I am growne so sick, so weake, so pale:
I to that plight alas am growne
that I can nor will no longer lie alone.

Was ever maidens case like mine,
thus of fifteen yeres of age to pine:
Were I the iudge I am sure there is none,
that should any longer lie alone.

When it is day I wish for night,
and when it is darke for light againe:
Thus all the night long to toss & to groane,
for that I can no longer lie alone.

If dreames be true then iudge I can,
all that I want is but a man:
Only for one I make this moane,
for that I can no longer lie alone.

To woe him first shalnde am I,
but if he aske, I will not deny:
such is my case I must haue one
for that I can no longer lie alone.

The Golden Garland.

Yet shall this be my prayer still,
for one that may give me my fill
For I care not how soone it be knowne,
that I can no^r w^tll no longer lie alone.

For all my wishings I le haue none,
but hym I loue and I loue but one :
And if he loue not me then w^tll I haue none
but ever till I dye I le lie alone. Fuis.

The inconstancy of the World.

What if a day, a moneth, or a yeere,
Crown thy desires with a thousand w^tll conten
Cannot the chance of an night or an houre
Crosse thy delights with as many sad tormentinges :
Fortune in their fairest b^tch,
Are but blossomes d^rying,
Wanton pleasures doating mirth,
Are but shadowes flying ;
All our loves are but tores
Fols thoughtis deceiving,
None hath power of an houre
In our lynes bereaving.

what if a smile, or a beck, or a looke
Feed my sond thoughts with as many sweet comys
May not that smile, or that beck, or that looke.

of Princely delights.

Well thee as well they are but vaine deceiving :
Why shold beauty be so proude
In things of no surmounting
All her wealth is but a shroude
Of a rich accounting :
Then in this repose no blisse
which is vaine and sole :
Beauties floweres haue their houres,
Time doth hold the bridle.

What if the world with alures of his wealth
Raise thyngrie to a place of high advancing
May not the world by a checke of that wealth
Put thee again to as lowe as pised chancing
Whilst the Sunne of wealth doth shine
Thou shalt haue friends plenty :
But come want they then repente, and so shalles
Not one shires of twenty :
Wealth and friends holds and ends,
As your fortunes rise and fall
Up and downe rise and frowne.
Certaine is no state at all.

What if a gripe, or a straine, or a fit,
Pinche thee with paine, or the feeling pangs of sicknesse,
Dost not that gripe, or that straine, or that fit,
Shein thee the forme of thy elate true perfect likenesse,
Health is but a glimpse of ioy,

The Golden Garland

Subject to all changes
Wirth is but a silly toy,
which with spes strangeſ.

Tell me then silly man
why art thou ſo weake of wit?
As to be in jeopardy
when thou waſt in quiet ſit.

Then if all this haue declarde thine amisse
Take it from me as a gentle friendly warning;
If thou refufe and good counſell abuſe,
Thou maſt he eaſier dearely buy thy learning.
All is haſard that we haue
There is nothing bidding,
Dales of pleasure are like ſtreames,
Through the meddowes gliding,
Wealth or wo, time both go
There is no returning
Secret fates guide our ſtares, and conſpirations do
Both in wirth and mourning.

FINIS.

Loue's Conſtancy.

Since first I ſaw thy face I refolue,
to honour and renoume thee:
If now I be difdaimed I woulſt,
my heart had neuer knowne yo.

of Princely delights. [T.]

What I that loue and you that like,

Shall we begin to intangle:

No, no, no, no, my heart is fift,

and cannot now intangle.

If I admires or praisd you too much,

that fault you may forgiue me:

Or if my hand had strayed to touch,

then iustly might you leane me.

What you leane, you had me loue,

is now a time to chide me:

No, no, no, no, ile leane you still,

what fortune ere betide me.

The Sun whose beames most glorious are,
rejecteth no beholder: and airth and clowdes
End your sweet beauty past compare,
made my poore eyes the beholder.

Where beauty moves, and wit delights,

and signes of kindnes binds me to attake her.

Where or there where ere I go,

she leane my heart behinde me.

FINIS.

The Golden Garlaad

Coridons dolefull knell,

To the tunc of Ding dong.

My Phillida is due Loue
And cuertinge farewell,
I must go seeke a new Loue
Yet I will ring her knell;

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

My Phillida is dead.

Ile sticke a branch of Willowes,

At my faire Phillips head.

Our bisisall bed was made

But my faire Phillida

In stead of silken bade,

She naine lies swapt in clay.

Ding dong, &c.

Her corps shall be attended,

With nymphes in rich array,

Till obsequies be ended.

And my loue swapt in clay,

Ding dong, &c.

Her hearse it shall be carried,

With them that doe excell;

of Princely delights. 1000

And when that she is buried
Thus will I ring her knell, and resounding o'er the earth
Ding dong, &c.

Will deck her tombe with flowers
The rarest that ere was seen
And with my teares as flowers will I them strew
Ile keepe them fresh and greene.
Ding dong, &c.

In stead of fairest colours
Set forth by curious art,
Her picture shall be painted,
In my distressed heart.
Ding dong, &c.

And euer shalbe written
And after shall be said,
The loue is not forgotten, nor the rememb're
Though Phillida be dead.
Ding dong, &c.

In sable will I mourne,
The blacke shall be my weare,
Ay me I heare some talke,
that Phillida is dead.
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead, &c.

The Golden Garland

A garland shall be framed,
By art and natures skill:
With sundry coloured flowers,
In token of good will.

Ding dong, &c.

With sundry coloured ribbands
As much I will bestow,
They shoule be blacke, and yellow,
In token of good will.

Ding dong, &c.

True loris be not scanting,
With teares to make me moe,
Since Philida is scanting.
And all my loves are gone.

Ding dong, &c.

She was my lovely true loris,
My heart can witnessse well:
Wherefore to signe I love her,
Once more Ile ring her knell.

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong.

My Phillida is dead:
Ile sticke a branch of Willowes,
At my faire Phillis head,

FINIS.

Cordys Resolution.

There is a Lady sweet and kind
Whos never face so pleast my minde :
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her iesture, motion, and her smiles
Her wit, her voyce my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart I know not why,
And yet I love her till I dye.

So to her fast betwixt mine armes
Judge you that thinke such spoyle were harmes,
Clert any harme, no fie, fie
For I will love her till I die.

Should I remaine confined there,
So long as Placebus in his sphere :
To request, she to deny
Yet would I love her till I die.

Supid is winged and doth range
Her countrey, so my lens doth change :
But change she earth or change she skye,
Yet will I love her till I die.

FINIS.

The Golden Garland
The Shepheards Dialogue of loue betwene Willy and
Cuddy.

To the tune of Maying time.

Willy, H **I**w now shepheard what meanest thou
why wearst thou willow in thy hat,
why are thy scarves of red and yellow,
turn'd to branches of greene willow.
Cuddy They are change'd and so am I,
Sorrow liues but pleasure dyes,
She hath now forsaken me,
which makes me weare the willow tree.

Will. What, that Phillis loue thee long,
is that the Lasse hath done the wrong :
She that loue thee long and best,
Is her loue turn'd to a Test.

Cudd. She that loued me long and best,
gave me set my heart at rest :
she a new loue lones (not me)
that makes me weare the willow tree.

Will. Come then shepheard let vs forye,
Since thy hap is like to mine :
For the wight I brought most true,
Now hath change'd me for a new.
Cuddy Well then since thy hap is so
Take no care but let her go :
Thy hard hap doth mine appease.

of Priocely delights
whipping both for ones easse.

VIII. When I will forget her loue,
since wantonly she false will proue
for her false bid all adue,
Seldome women do proue true.
for her sake Ile sit and prie,
she was once a Loue of mine:
which shall neare forgotten be,
ough I weare the willlow tree.

IX. Heards man be aduised by me,
all of griefe and willow tree:
or thy griefe breeds her content,
ye is please if thou lament.
X. Then I will be rule by thee,
here lies griefe and willow tree:
verys smit I will do as they,
comes a new loue euery day.

At Table.

The Table.

Queen Elizabeth's courage against the Spaniard
eighty eight.
7 How two English Princes became Shepheards
Salisbury Plain.
8 The life and death of Richard the second.
9 Of Charles Brandon who married Henry the eighth.
10 Of King Richard the third.
11 Of the Lady Elmer and Captain Jenkinson.
12 King Edwards wooing.
13 Two Princes murdered in the Tower.
14 A penny worth of wit.
15 Queen Andromicus.

The Song in the Second Part.

What care I how faire she be.
Sleep my wayward thoughts.
Farewell deare love.
Ye ayre gentle.



R

